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JUVENILE  
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GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

No. 19.

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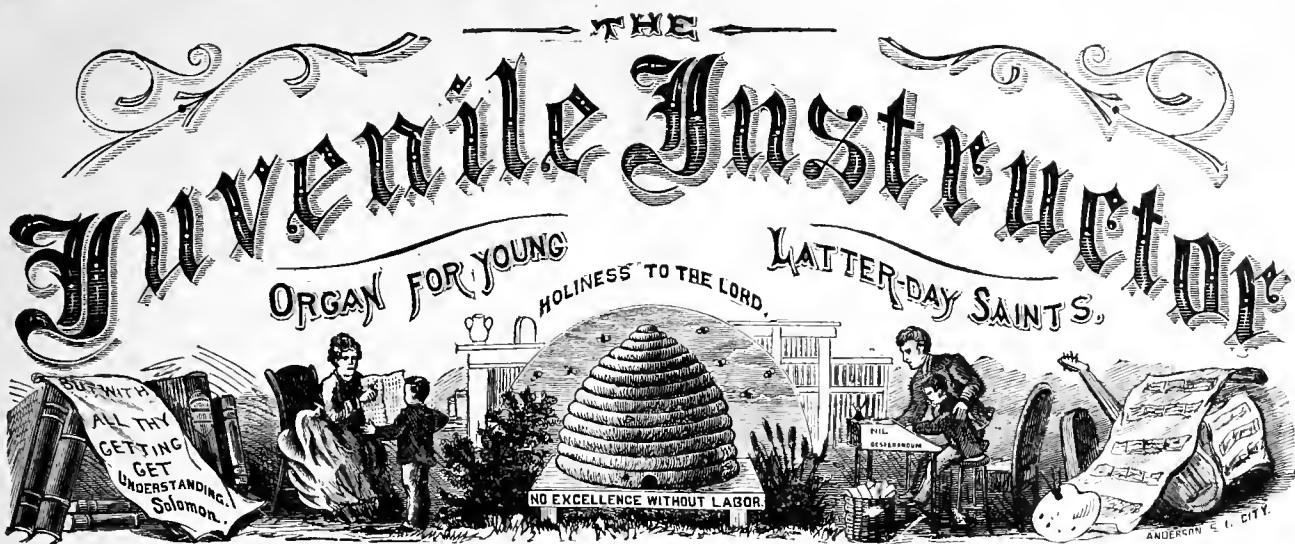
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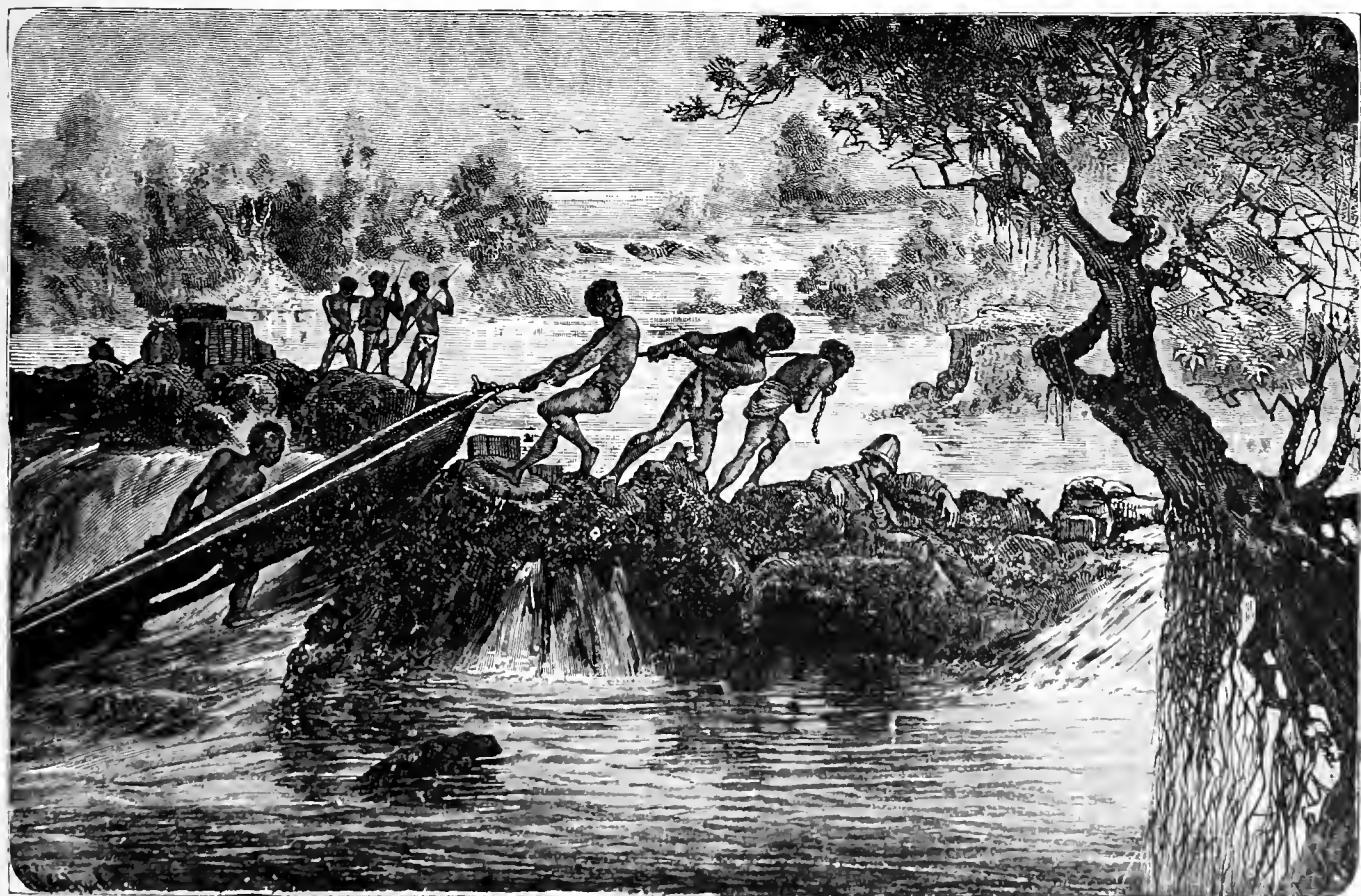
SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1886.

NO. 19.

### AFRICAN RIVER TRAVEL.

THE hostility of natives, who throng the jungles in deadly ambush; the fierceness of wild beasts and reptiles; and the dense and often impassable undergrowth of wood; all combine to drive the heroic explorer of Africa to seek feasible modes

even exchange of one kind of danger for another. For the rivers of Africa are renowned as the most tempestuous of their magnitude upon the face of the globe. Rocks, cataracts, whirlpools and mad, swirling currents present an endless succession



DIG. HOLEB ASCENDING THE MANEKANGO RIVER.

of travel upon the rivers. For here, when the stream is wide enough, he is at a measurable distance from the cruel barriers presented by a populated jungle.

But his obstacles are not slight, and it is at best but an almost

of impediments to river travel, and it makes little real difference, in point of the difficulties to be encountered, whether a man be ascending or descending the stream—the journey is still laborious beyond description.

Many of the rivers of the Dark Continent are magnificent streams, navigable for hundreds of miles by vessels as large as the steamers of the Thames or the Hudson. Of such a nature is the Congo (Lualaba of Livingstone,) above the Yellala Falls. But the Zambesi and some other rivers of vast volume, in addition to their stupendous cataracts, have reefs, rapids, shoals and morasses innumerable. Besides, alligators and hippopotami abound in many localities.

Dr. Emil Holub, of whose heroic work the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* has heretofore given some brief sketch, explored the regions of the Zambesi, its affluent the Chobe (or Kwonda) and their numerous confluentes. That portion of his work which was performed in canoes was most trying. Portages were frequent; and often to avoid them, the serious alternative was adopted of ascending or descending the rocky bed of a foaming river from one shelf to another. The plucky doctor was sick during a portion of the time when most his strength was needed; and his native servants were often obliged to lift him from the canoe and lay him upon a reef in mid-stream while they dragged their frail shell and its precious cargo of provisions from one step to another.

The great falls of the Zambesi, which Holub named Victoria Falls are thus described by Livingstone, and this description will suffice to show the wild grandeur of African river scenery, as well as to illustrate some of the obstacles necessarily encountered:

"The falls are bounded by ridges three or four hundred feet in height, which are covered with forest. When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids; who, by passing down the center of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low and we sailed where it was totally impossible to go when the water is high. But, though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard, basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi and then prolonged from the left bank through thirty or forty miles of hills. \* \* \* This was the most wonderful sight I had witnessed in Africa."

Livingstone once had his canoe, carrying himself, a considerable party of natives and heavy stores of food and ammunition, attacked and upset by an enraged hippopotamus. Upon another occasion one of his faithful servants was seized by a watching alligator and carried to the bottom of the river; but the courageous fellow escaped death by dealing the beast a heavy blow in the head with a hatchet which he fortunately carried in his hand. When Livingstone was ill he had often to be carried upon the shoulders of his men through some deep, sedgy stretch impassable for canoes. One of these river marshes was at least two thousand feet broad.

Stanley and others in their travel upon these streams frequently met with troubles besides the natural obstacles—these were the assaults from natives who with a fleet of canoes would draw up in line to prevent progress, or suddenly sally out from some hidden covert to attack the explorers in the rear. While floating down the Lualaba, upon one occasion Stanley's boat was attacked by a fleet of sixty canoes, filled with desperate savages, some of whom were armed with guns. The fierce natives approached at a dreadful speed, shouting a terrifying war-cry of "Yahahaha! Yabangala!" and a sanguinary battle occurred, in which Stanley with his repeating rifles, carrying explosive shells, was completely victorious.

After what little has been related, it is scarcely necessary to state that African River Travel is anything but a pleasure excursion.

NEWAYGO.

## AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 281.)

*Saturday, April 24, 1847.*—This morning is fine but cold. A horse belonging to Phineas Young was killed last night by falling into a ravine and being choked to death by the chain with which it had been staked. This is a grievous loss, for there are scarcely enough horses in camp to make traveling at all comfortable.

By request of Brother Kimball I went up to the old Indian village immediately after breakfast to obtain a description of it. The village is on the north bank of the Loupe Fork of the Nebraska or Platte River. It is four miles south-west of the mission station on Plum Creek and is 138 miles from Winter Quarters. The Pawnee nation is divided into four bands, each having its chief, but all subject to one grand chief. The names of the bands are the Grand Pawnees, the Loupes, the Tappas and the Republicans. When the nation settled in this region the Grand Pawnees and the Tappas located on the west bank of Plum Creek; while the Loupes located on this spot and were soon joined by the Republicans. When the Sioux made war on the Grand Pawnees at the first settlement and destroyed their village, the Grand Chief saw that his people were unable to cope alone with their savage foes; and it was concluded that the four bands should join together on this site. But notwithstanding this measure, the Sioux succeeded in burning this village last Summer while the Pawnees were away on a hunt. Most of the place was rebuilt; but in the Autumn the Sioux made another attack and destroyed the entire village with the exception of a single lodge. The Pawnees then removed to the place where we passed them a few days ago and are dwelling in their lodges made of hides.

The name of the grand chief is Shefmolan, and he is also the superior chief of the Grand Pawnees. All documents or treaties made by the nation are signed by him. The chief of the Loupes is Siscatup. There is a party of Loupes on the main Platte, some distance from here, which has never yielded to the government treaties but lives by plundering other tribes and white travelers, frequently going as far as the Cherokee nation to rob. All the Pawnees are noted for their love of white people's horses and mules.

On the east and west of the village is a fine prairie extending many miles in length. On the bluffs, which bound one side of this prairie, can be seen many Indian graves. North-

west from the village about a mile and at the foot of the bluffs is an extensive corn field, in which the stalks are still standing. The Loup Fork here is 400 yards wide and is very shoal. The bottom is largely quicksand which makes unsafe fording. About one half the surface from bank to bank is sand-bars, which show above the water.

The village occupies a space of near forty acres, mostly enclosed by a ditch five feet wide and an inner bank four feet high which, when perfect, formed a good fortification. Some lodges, for want of room inside, were built outside of the ditch. There were in the village 200 houses of varying size but similar construction. I am sitting in the one lodge which was spared, and said to have been the habitation of Chief Siseatup. Its form of construction is as follows: First, a circular excavation, forty-four feet in diameter and eighteen inches deep, is made in the earth, the verge of the circle slanting upward and outward. The bottom of the circle is the floor of the lodge. Seventeen crotch posts at equal distances are let into the floor, eighteen or twenty inches within the bank of the circle. The posts slant outward so that the tops are perpendicular with the outer verge of the circle. Poles are laid across from crotch to crotch at a greater height than a tall man's head. Outside and surrounding the circle, at a distance of eighteen or twenty inches from its verge, many smaller posts, only a foot apart, are set in the ground. Their tops lean inward and rest upon the cross pieces. The space between the foot of these smaller posts and the edge of the circle is used as a seat, and this lodge could easily accommodate more than a hundred braves. On the outside of these smaller poles still lighter ones are laid horizontally about a foot apart and lashed in place by bark thongs. Upon this skeleton is twisted a matting of prairie grass. The entire framework, except the place left for the door is banked up with earth, two feet thick at the base and growing thinner to the height of seven feet. Ten posts, each a foot in diameter and crotched at the top, are set firmly upright within the enclosure, forming an inner circle about seven feet from the outer one. These upright pillars stand eleven or twelve feet above the floor. Poles resting in the crotches are laid horizontally around the top of this inner circle. Then long and slender poles are laid from the top of the outside circle across the top of the inner circle, and still extending inward until they almost meet at the center—leaving only a clear space two feet in diameter in the center for a smoke hole. Smaller poles are then lashed across the framework of the roof, and grass and earth are added as at the sides. This completes the sides and roof. The door or entrance is approached by a long, covered alley or porch, built and enclosed much in the manner of the main structure. The floor of the porch is only dug down half as deep as the floor of the lodge, and this leaves one short step at the porch door and one short step at the lodge entrance. The fire is built in the center of the lodge floor, directly under the opening in the roof. At the further side of the circle, exactly opposite the entrance the sod has been left to project inward about a foot—probably for the seat of the chief.

Nearly all the entrances face to the south-east, probably to avoid the north-west storm winds, which are very severe in the Winter.

Adjacent to each lodge is a stable or covered pen in which the horses were kept. These stables are nearly all unharmed. Most of them are square in shape, built of posts and cross poles, lashed firmly together by strips of bark.

Around each lodge there are also several *caches* where corn and other provisions were deposited. These *caches* are large

holes burrowed under the surface of the ground, with an entrance only large enough to admit a man of common size. The *cache* is generally about six feet deep and fifteen feet in diameter. When filled with provisions a thick coat of grass is laid across the mouth and covered with earth so cleverly that a stranger might walk over the *cache* and never know that he was near a storhouse.

I completed my observations of the village about noon and had then intended to go on the bluffs and examine the Indian graves; but perceiving that the teams were crossing the river rapidly, I returned at once and found most of them over. The teams had begun crossing at about 8 o'clock. Some wagons had unloaded their goods on the bank and then went to the ferry to cross, while the goods were carried over in the boat; but after a few teams forded it was found that the trip became easier and soon it was possible to take over the laden wagons with little difficulty. I prepared to wade across, inasmuch as the wagon I am with had gone over; but Jackson Redding brought me Porter Rockwell's horse to ride, and I mounted the animal and proceeded. I found the current very strong, it being all that a single horse could do to ford it; but I got across safe only wetting my feet.

About 4 o'clock the last of the wagons and teams were safely landed on the south side of the Loup Fork without any loss or accident. This good fortune caused the brethren to feel very thankful indeed. After the crossing was all accomplished the wagons started on to seek a better spot for a camp and to find feed for our teams; where we can remain in some degree of comfort until Monday. It is desirable to give the teams a chance to rest, for they, as well as the men, are much exhausted through wading on the quicksands against the strong current.

The bottom land on this side is more sandy than on the other; the grass is higher but not so thick. From here the bluffs on the other side appear very beautiful and the Indian graves are plainly seen. We went on about three miles and camped beside a small lake near the river. I traveled this distance on foot. As soon as we arrived, Porter Rockwell discovered that many sun fish were in the lake. I secured two hooks and lines, gave him one and used the other myself. We had fine sport. I caught a good mess which Brother Egan cooked for supper; and, although the fish were small, they made a nice dish. Many of the other brethren caught each a good mess. Brother Higbee came down with the seine and made two hauls, but caught no fish because of the grass on the bottom of the lake.

We have strong reason to suspect that we are watched by the Indians, as their fresh footprints have been seen on these south bluffs; but our guards are faithful and we have no fear. Our one piece of artillery was again prepared for use in case of an attack.

This evening I walked over to Orson Pratt's wagon and through his telescope I saw Jupiter's four moons very distinctly. I had never before seen them. Back at our wagon, I got my own glass and was able to distinguish them through it, but not so plainly as I did through Orson's. The evening is very delightful; and at 10 o'clock we retire in good health and spirits, thankful for the mercies of the day that is past.

(To be Continued.)

A YOUNG lad, whose teacher is rather free with the rod, remarked the other day that they had too many hollerdays at their school.

# FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

## THE HEDGEHOG.

THE hedgehog is a queer little animal with short limbs. It feeds mostly on insects. It has its body covered with sharp spines instead of hairs, and can roll itself up in a ball, and thus show an array of prickles pointing in every direction.

Slow of foot, this little creature cannot flee from danger; but in the sharp, hard, and tough prickles of its coat, it has a safeguard better than the teeth and claws of the wild-cat, or the fleetness of the hare.



The hedgehog has powerful muscles beneath the skin of the back; and by the aid of these, on the slightest alarm, it rolls itself up so as to have its head and legs hidden in the middle of the ball it thus makes of itself.

Our dog Snip saw a hedgehog, the other day for the first time. As soon as it saw him, the little creature seemed to change from a live thing into a ball. Snip did not know what to make of it. His curiosity was much excited. He went up, and looked at it.

At last he mustered courage enough to put his nose down to the ball. Rash Snip! Up rose the bristles, and pricked him so that he ran back to the house, howling and yelping as if he had been shot.

Having but Snip to fight, the hedgehog quietly unrolled itself thrust out its queer little head with

the long snout, and crept along on its way rejoicing. As for Snip, I am quite sure he will never put his nose to the back of a hedgehog again, as long as he lives.

C. S.

## A BIRD STORY.

A FEW Summers ago in one of the Western States there was a great drought.

Farmers anxiously watched the clouds, saying that unless they had rain very soon there would surely be a famine.

Housewives were filled with sad forebodings as cisterns, springs and wells were gradually being emptied and becoming dry.

But in the midst of this dry season there was one well which was so deep and supplied by such a generous spring that it failed not, although the drought continued until all other cisterns and springs for miles about were emptied, and even the brooks and little creeks became dry.

This well was in front of Mrs. Norton's kitchen-door, and one day after pumping from it a pail of water, she noticed a little bird hopping about her feet, and uttering such little piping notes that she knew he was in distress.

She threw down some crumbs of bread, and although he appeared very tame, he did not pick them up, or seem to notice them in the least.

Mrs. Norton being a kind-hearted woman, felt sorry for the little thing, and tried to think of something to relieve him. He would not eat, perhaps he would drink. So she filled a pan with water and set it on the ground.

Immediately the little thing hopped upon the edge of the pan, and drank eagerly. Then he took, oh, such a glorious bath, ducking his little head under the water, flapping his wings and spattering the water all about. Every now and then he would hop on the edge of the pan and trill forth a merry, joyous song; then back into the water again for another bath.

Soon the little thing flew away, but in less than ten minutes returned, bringing with him several other birds, who all, after first quenching their thirst, plunged into the pan; and such a talking as they kept up, and such a splashing and spattering as there was, it was all too funny for anything.

Then after they had fairly revelled in the water they dressed and plumed their feathers, all washed so clean and bright, and flew up in a tree in front of Mrs. Norton's window, and from their tiny

throats poured forth their gratitude in notes of happy, joyous song.

Every day while the dry weather lasted, there was a pan of clear, sparkling water given them, and all during the drought, they enjoyed their daily bath.

### A CURIOUS WILL.

THE following last will and testament was proved on the 5th of July, 1737:—

This fifth day of May,  
Being airy and gay,  
To hip not inclined,  
But of vigorous mind,  
And my body in health,  
I'll dispose of my wealth;  
And all I'm to have  
On this side of the grave  
To some one or other,  
I think to my brother.  
But because I foresaw  
That my brothers-in-law,  
If I did not take care,  
Would come in for a share,  
Which I noways intended  
Till their manners were mended—  
And of that there's no sign—  
I do therefore enjoin,  
And strictly command,  
As witness my hand,  
That naught I have got  
Be-brought to hotch-pot;  
And I give and devise  
Much as in me lies  
To the son of my mother,  
My own dear brother,  
To have and to hold  
All my silver and gold,  
As the affectionate pledges  
Of his brother, JOHN HEDGES.

### SQUARE WORD PUZZLE.

BY WM. BREWER.

1. A club, also an animal; 2. A verb signifying that one has eaten, also in mythology the name of the god of mischief; 3. A beverage and a plant.

The following named persons have answered the questions on Church History in No. 17: Heber Scowcroft, Samuel Stark, H. C. Blood, W. J. C. Mortimer, Leone Rogers, Elizabeth Myler.

### QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. In what condition was the Church in Kirtland during the latter part of 1837?
2. When did Brigham Young leave Kirtland for Missouri, and from what cause?
3. Who were next compelled to leave on account of this bitter feeling among the apostates?
4. When did they leave?
5. Why did they exhibit such hatred and animosity against Joseph, Brigham and others of the leaders?
6. When was Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Lyman E. Johnson cut off from the Church?
7. When did Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde arrive from their mission to England?
8. What new Stake was organized in the West during the next Month?
9. When and where was it organized?
10. Why was it called by this name?

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 17.

1. WHEN was the Kirtland Temple dedicated?  
A. March 27, 1836.
2. Who offered the dedicatory prayer? A. Joseph Smith, the Prophet.
3. When Joseph and the quorums met again in the evening what glorious manifestations occurred?  
A. A sound was heard like the noise of a rushing wind. Many began to speak in tongues and prophesy, others saw glorious visions, and Joseph beheld the Temple filled with angels.
4. What ordinances were attended to during the next few days? A. Partaking of the Sacrament and the washing of feet.
5. What glorious personages appeared unto Joseph and Oliver in the Temple the following Sunday? A. The Savior, Moses, Elias and Elijah.
6. What were the words of the Savior unto them? A. "I am the First and the Last; I am He who was slain; I am your advocate with the Father," and many other words of encouragement.
7. What did Moses commit unto them? A. The keys of the gathering of Israel from the four parts of the earth, and the leading of the Ten Tribes from the North.
8. What did Elias deliver unto them? A. The dispensation of the gospel of Abraham.
9. What was the nature of Elijah's mission unto them? A. He came to deliver the keys of the power to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, in other words to confer the authority to baptize for the dead.

## THE RESURRECTION.

## SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 286.)

**A**GAIN, the transfusion of the blood from the veins of one person into those of another, and the known beneficial results that sometimes follow the experiment, apparently throws an insurmountable obstacle in our path. But we must remember the blood is the *newest* portion of our system—some of it *not an hour old*, and necessarily the life characteristics have not been impressed upon the blood or, if at all, in a very imperfect manner.

It is not maintained that the impression of spirit characteristics upon matter can be effected by a first contact alone, and certainly if a beginning is thus made it must be infinitely strengthened by a continuous contact for a period of seven years.

Is it not an acknowledged fact that as individuals—as wholes—we are but little more than a reflection of the different characters with whom we have associated during life? And do we not most reflect the traits of those persons with whom we have been longest and most intimately associated? All of this is accomplished in, or upon us, without actual physical contact. But how much stronger would the impressions of other spirits be upon us if we could become as closely allied to them as our own spirits are to the substance of our bodies? Suppose, too, no extraneous influences were allowed to interfere with the operations of one Master Spirit upon ours, while thus intimately associated for a full period of seven years, what would we become but a copy of the Master Mind to which ours was ever an attendant and willing slave? If we acknowledge that one spirit can thus operate upon a substance distant from it, how can we rationally deny the spirit a greater influence upon matter with which it is in contact? The blood is the originating element of our system, and not until it is fully incorporated into our organism as flesh, bone, etc., can the spirit's impressing operations fully begin.

One more formidable difficulty remains to be removed. Surgery has been successful in its grafting operations. Defects in human bodies are now very frequently remedied by this surgical process, and this fact seems to set at defiance the theory that life characteristics are impressed upon the material substance of our bodies, or that these peculiarities are so strongly marked, that nature can detect any difference in the impressions. A portion of flesh belonging to one individual may be made to grow upon the body of another; and the flesh of animals has been grafted upon human bodies.

If the facts in such cases were just what they *appear*, any attempt to substantiate the theory of impressed particles would be useless since it is necessary, in order to invest the theory with any value to the resurrection doctrine, that the peculiarities of each individual particle be so strongly manifested that there is no real coalescing affinity subsisting between the atoms of different bodies.

The phenomena observable in grafting processes are *apparent* only. This is evident from a critical investigation of facts. Let us suppose, for example, that a child with a hairy lip is subjected to the operation of the surgeon. Generally he will admit that a piece of flesh cut from the child's own body will be more

likely to grow than a portion which is taken from the body of some other person. This is the first fact in our favor. It proves an affinity. But the flesh must first be severed from the body of the person or animal from which it is taken before it can be grafted upon the body of another. This severance necessarily involves the death of that particular piece of flesh, for the very moment the surgeon's knife has finished cutting it from the body to which it originally belonged it must die. If bringing it again in contact with vitalized blood restores it to life, we have the great problem solved and are fools to question the resurrection doctrine. If the dead portion be not thus restored to life it can not possibly become an integral part of the living organism of another person.

Should anyone be disposed to adopt the theory of revitalization by contact with living blood, we suggest that when one of such individual's friends die, the old blood be drawn from the corpse body and a fresh supply of the vital fluid be pumped into it from the veins of living relatives and friends of the deceased, and if the patient does as well as could be expected under the circumstances let the facts be made public for the benefit of an interested and dying humanity.

But, since the dead portion of flesh used in grafting operations cannot become an integral part of a living organism, how is the phenomenon of such appearance to be explained? An analogous phenomenon is found in the putrefaction of wood, etc., which is not, as commonly supposed, turned into stone; but as the wood substance decays, little by little, rocky material takes its place, and because cast in the decaying wood mould, assumes an external appearance strikingly like wood.

In the ingrafted piece of flesh the organic structure still remains perfect and will continue in that condition for some time without material change. The veins, etc., are as perfect as they were when the severed flesh formed a part of the person's body from which it was cut; and the blood of the individual upon whose body such piece or portion of foreign flesh was grafted, ramifies to every part of it and supplies new matter as the older substance disappears, which it does in a very short time. Large portions of flesh, etc., can not be grafted—an arm, for instance—for the force of the living body is not sufficient to propel the blood to the extremities of the ingrafted member. Thus, we think, the most important objections are satisfactorily answered.

In the argument just closed we have been obliged to glance at the evidence which proves the theory of impressed particles in all organic structures. This question will now be examined at greater length. Why is it that no human face or form is precisely like any other of the millions that exist? Is it not because no two spirits are exactly alike? Each spirit we know must and does possess inherently certain individualities and affinities peculiar to itself, and which must differentiate it from all other spirits. The growth of our bodies from a mere germ is due to the operations of spirit force; but this power must be in perfect consonance with the agency that produced it. Of necessity, then, there must be as many different spirit forces as there are individuals, and these forces must differ among themselves just in proportion as men are dissimilar in temperament, disposition, habit, etc.

When these different spirit forces operate upon matter they must differently impress it. If the Almighty in the beginning endowed or impressed matter with certain fixed properties, it cannot be denied that such matter is susceptible of endowment and impression. If the *intelligence* manifested by it is inherent—the result of mind—that can also be endowed or impressed.

If our spirits do not impress the material particles of our bodies, how are we going to establish a philosophical foundation for the phenomena associated with *habit*? Why is it that at times the muscles of our bodies will involuntarily perform the very acts to which they have been-exercised when under the control of the spirit? How does habit become almost irresistible, and in some cases wholly so? How can these questions be answered rationally but by assuming that the particles of our bodies have been impressed strongly with the spirit of the mind? and in the case of irresistible habit we conclude our bodies have actually absorbed the mind or are so strongly impressed that they hold the latter in abeyance?

(To be Continued).

## JUSTICE OF DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

BY S. F. D.

MANY people say that even if the judgments predicted by the Prophet Joseph Smith should descend upon this nation, it would be unjust to visit upon the children the punishment for the martyrdom of the Prophet and of the Saints who perished in the persecutions of Missouri and Illinois, that most of the perpetrators of these cruel outrages are already dead. But God's ways are not as man's ways, and He has nothing to learn, even from the boasted enlightenment of this age, in the proper method of dealing out even-handed justice. Many of the visitations of His wrath are unknown to all but the guilty violator of His laws, until, unable to evade the all-searching eye of His displeasure, he seeks to free his weary soul by unburdening the story of his guilt and the sequel thereof, even his torment, like the pent-up volcano, by the emission of the burning lava, betrays the intensity of internal heat.

So far as is known, not one of those wicked mobocrats whose hands were stained with the blood of the Saints has died a peaceful, natural death. Not that the laws of our country have ever intervened to mete out justice to the red-handed murderers. Oh, no! Every one yet brought to trial, no matter how easy of demonstration his guilt was, has escaped, like the murderers of Joseph Standing, with scarcely a reprimand from the halls of judgment. But a higher Court has taken in hand to measure out to them the sentence of a Judge whose rulings never err, and from whose decision there is no appeal. Several of them have disclosed to those surrounding their death-beds their belief in the great Latter-day work, and bitterly regretted the part they took in opposing it. Many have acknowledged that they were suffering all the torments of the damned because of their participation in the shedding of innocent blood. Their experience during the closing days of mortality was merely a foretaste of their dreadful impending doom.

The delay of God's judgments upon this nation is indicative of His usual mercy and long-suffering in dealing with His erring children. Besides, it could hardly be called justice to execute the sentence of Divine wrath before opportunity has been given to repent after hearing more fully the warning message. It is truly a great evidence of His mercies in offering even now the conditions of salvation to the nation who have rejected His word, driven out His people, slain His Prophets, and now, through their representatives, are plotting to overthrow His

work by enacting unjust laws, over-riding established usages and sustaining the acts of corrupt, vicious judges and marshals in such acts as in any other country would cost them their official positions and the respect of all honorable men.

Unlike the condition of things in an autocratic government, the law makers and rulers in this country reflect in a great measure the views of the masses of the people. A profligate king may, through the right of succession, govern the fortunes of a comparatively pure people. An established rule, not their choice, had given the reins of power into unworthy hands. They could not justly be held accountable for his wickedness. But in an elective republic the case is different. The terms of office in the executive and legislative departments of our government continues but two to six years. They are then subject to either change or removal by the voice of the people. All their public acts are open to public scrutiny. If, therefore, an unworthy public officer is returned to the position he has once dishonored, a supposed majority of the voters of his district have virtually partaken of his guilt. I say "supposed majority" because in many cases fraud and the corrupt use of money have subverted the popular verdict and given the public trust to representatives of votes vitiated by bribery. But even this corruption emanates from the people and could not long obtain in a community free from social and civil irregularities.

In like manner the jury system established long before the formation of this government by the liberty-loving English and adopted by this country as an essential feature of "government by the people and for the people," gives to persons fresh from the ranks of the populace the opportunity to sustain or repudiate not only the acts of individuals but actually rendering valid or void the letter and spirit of legislative enactments and judicial rulings.

Thus we see that when God's servants, whose only offense has been to warn the world of impending judgments and witness in all solemnity that God has again revealed the plan of salvation and conferred the authority on man necessary to officiate in all the ordinances that are to prepare him for his Maker's presence, are maltreated and murdered by their enemies and the jury empanelled for their trial refuse to inflict upon them the penalty decreed by just laws, they have directly consented to their death. When unprincipled legislators give their votes to the enactment of cruel and oppressive laws for the avowed object of destroying an unpopular faith and bringing distress upon God's people, if they are sustained by re-election of the popular vote, their constituents thereby assent to the persecution which we suffer.

God's ways are just. And if in the exercise of righteous judgment He destroyed the world for the rejection of Noah's testimony; and if he destroyed and scattered the Jewish nation for rejecting and slaying the Redeemer under the forms of law, will His judgments be less severe upon a nation who have rejected the same message and slain His servants in utter violation of every shadow of law and justice? When the vials of His wrath are poured out "until the earth is empty" can the victims of the plague offer any excuse or deny the justice of their sentence when, by their own suffrages, they have upheld and condoned the terrible crimes that have provoked the Divine Judge to come out of His hiding place?

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: "Sir, as you are a man of noledge, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1886.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**T**HE Latter-day Saints are frequently challenged to furnish evidences in proof of the divinity of the Book of Mormon. We notice that a preacher, who is out here as a missionary, is endeavoring to gain some notoriety by attacking the Book of Mormon through the columns of the papers. He seems to place a very low value upon it. His conduct proves the truth of at least one prediction in the book which he derides. The Lord, through Nephi, says, in speaking of the effect this book would have:

"Many of the Gentiles shall say, A Bible! A Bible! We have got a Bible, and there cannot be any more Bible."

This is, in effect, what this false teacher says, and thus he fulfills the prophet's words which were written some 2,400 years ago.

The Book of Mormon does not depend upon external evidence for its proofs of its divine origin.

The father of the Editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, when the Book of Mormon was first handed to him, read it through twice, and after finishing it the second time, laid the book down with the remark that "A bad man could not write such a book and a good man would not write it;" that is, a good man in and of himself would not write it; he would have to be inspired of the Lord to do it.

No one can read that divine record in the proper spirit without receiving a testimony from the Lord that it is divine. Its teachings are pure and of the most elevating character. Its simplicity causes it to be easily understood by children and persons of limited education. They who read it need not be in doubt concerning the principles of salvation. The doctrines of the gospel are set forth with charming and convincing clearness. One is not left to query respecting the steps necessary to be taken to become a member of the Church of Christ.

There is no room for argument concerning how a man shall be baptized, or by whom he shall be baptized, in order to be accepted of the Lord.

The mission of the Savior and the great atonement wrought by him are described so beautifully that to understand it is only necessary to read; while the condition of the spirits of the just and the unjust after death, and the resurrection of the body, are explained in such simple language and detail that every one who desires can comprehend them.

We value the Bible as a wonderful record of God's dealings with the children of men. It is a glorious book and is of immense value to mankind; but it has been sadly mutilated. It has passed through many hands and several versions of it exist. Its translators were not inspired and were unfit for the task which they assumed; and, worse than all, many precious parts of it have been taken from it. One of the prophets of the Book of Mormon, speaking of the Bible, says:

"For behold, they have taken away from the gospel of the Lamb, many parts which are plain and most precious; and also many covenants of the Lord have they taken away."

"And all these have they done, that they might pervert the right ways of the Lord; that they might blind the eyes and harden the hearts of the children of men."

"Wherefore, thou seest that after the book hath gone forth through the hands of the great and abominable church, that there are many plain and precious things taken away from the book, which is the book of the Lamb of God."

"And after these plain and precious things were taken away, it goeth unto all the nations of the Gentiles; and after it goeth forth unto all the nations of the Gentiles, yea, even across the many waters which thou hast seen with the Gentiles which have gone forth out of captivity; thou seest because of the many plain and precious things which have been taken out of the book, which were plain unto the understanding of the children of men, according to the plainness which is in the Lamb of God; because of these things which are taken away out of the gospel of the Lamb, an exceeding great many do stumble, yea, insomuch that Satan hath great power over them."

This accounts for the vagueness with which that record speaks concerning some points of doctrine and ordinances. The need of an inspired translation of the Bible is seen in the hundreds of different sects which exist in Christendom, all claiming to have followed the Bible as their guide in the organization of their churches and in the preaching of their doctrines.

What a glorious work was accomplished by the Lord in the revelation of the Book of Mormon! It came to the world in purity by the gift of inspiration. It dispelled darkness and doubt. It cleared away difficulties and made plain to mankind the path of salvation. Joined with the Bible, they make two powerful witnesses to the truth of heaven. With these two records no man need be in doubt as to the requirements which the Lord makes of His children. Upon points which, with the Bible alone, there might be contending opinions, with the Book of Mormon in addition, they are speedily settled, and mankind are enabled to drink at the pure fountain of truth and find it no longer necessary to squabble concerning ordinances and doctrines.

We wish this book was read more extensively by our people, especially by the young. We long for the time to come when it will be a text book in our schools. The influence which it exerts over the minds of those who read it is soothing and heavenly. It creates impressions upon the young concerning holiness and the manner of life which is most acceptable to our God that can never be effaced. The lessons of faith which it conveys have a most marked effect upon the lives of children who are brought up to carefully read it and to treasure its precepts.

In the early days of our experience as a missionary we were placed in circumstances which were naturally trying and depressing. For the first time in our life we were away from home and far from all our kindred and friends. In a strange land, among a strange people, whose language was strange, we were made to feel our loneliness, especially so when compelled by persecution to take refuge among a poor people who had so little food that for some weeks our principal sustenance was wild berries. It was then that we found the value of the Book of Mormon. It was our solace and joy; and we never read its pages without deriving profit from its lessons and heavenly comfort from the sweet spirit which they contained. It was indeed a comforter to us; it removed depression, inspired hope and faith, and stimulated us to persevere in the labor before us.

If anyone doubts that the prayerful reading of this precious book produces these effects, they can easily prove for themselves the correctness of our testimony. When trouble or affliction comes upon men and women's souls, and they need comfort and peace, let them prayerfully read the Book of Mormon, and we know they will obtain an evidence of its divinity that will satisfy them, though they may have never had it before.

## AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

## CHAPTER XV.

*(Continued from page 285.)*

PAUL OSEROV warily followed the troop of soldiers. His familiarity with the route enabled him to make accu-



VLADIMIR'S ESCAPE FROM THE BLOOD HOUNDS.

rate judgment of their movements, and to keep ever out of their sight without falling any undue distance to the rear.

It was, however, a journey full of loneliness; the air was chilling and the country was desolated by Winter.

As they approached Ekaterinburg he drew closer upon the courier and soldiers, and when they entered the town he was less than ten *versts* away. He felt a prompting to establish himself in Ekaterinburg; and when night came he ventured into the place, proceeding with boldness to an inn where he gave out that he was a fur trader.

Fortunately many travelers, singly and in company, had recently visited the place; and Oserov carried himself so appropriately that he was never for a moment suspected.

He found no trouble next morning in learning that a courier of the czar had visited the governor of Ekaterinburg the day previous; and later he was informed that the courier, accompanied by a troop of soldiers and a message from the governor, had departed for the mines beyond Berezovsk.

Paul shrewdly concluded that the courier and messenger upon their return would probably bring the ostensible Nicolaus Hulinski, and would certainly visit the official mansion of the governor to accomplish some of the formalities so common in the czar's service. He decided, therefore to watch this place after the courier's party should be gone twenty-four hours and continue his scrutiny until the return.

His thoughtfulness and patience were rewarded. In the afternoon of the day upon which Feodor left the mine the party arrived at the governor's mansion; and as they entered, the general and the ex-soldier recognized each other.

The proceedings inside were short, Feodor subscribing to the requisite oaths without giving note to their tenor, so anxious was he to make arrangements with Paul for Vladimir's safety. Being at liberty he told the courier that he wished to make some necessary purchases and would rejoin that functionary in the evening at the soldiers' barracks.

As soon as Feodor emerged from the gateway he again saw Paul; and as the general walked away in search of a spot where conversation would be safe, Oserov followed.

Convenient dusk covered the lonely street where the two friends met and warmly clasped hands.

"Brave Paul Oserov!" said the general, "we knew you would not fail us in our supreme time of need. To you we will owe our liberty."

Feodor and Paul then conferred fully, learning all that had happened to each other since their parting. But most of all they spoke of Vladimir and the chances and possible mischances of his attempt to escape. They encouraged each other in the hope that all was well with him; and they decided that Paul should withdraw from the city that night and proceed a few *versts* on the westward road, there to await the coming of Vladimir. Simbirsk was fixed as their place of reunion, unless Feodor should receive contrary word at Nijni Novgorod.

Oserov got away from the inn three hours after midnight, with his sledge and horses, without creating any commotion. He moved his horses slowly to keep their strength, only giving them enough exercise to preserve warmth; and he decided to occupy a track of two or three *versts* from the outer line of the city, traveling back and forth until he could find Vladimir or should be compelled to take some other course.

At daylight Feodor and the courier took their departure from the barracks in their comfortable covered sledge. As they passed beyond the gates of the town, Feodor's watching eyes caught sight of a man toiling along the snowy road. His heart bounded with hope and gratitude when he recognized

the figure to be that of his son. Noticing that the courier had not observed Vladimir, Feodor offered to hold the reins for a few moments while the courier should get their pipes and tobacco from the box in the rear part of the sledge. The courier willingly complied, and while he was thus engaged the sledge overtook and passed Vladimir. While it was dashing past Feodor spoke in a loud tone to the courier:

"Thank God, we are on the road to St. Petersburg. We shall soon meet with friends."

In five minutes the courier's sledge met Oserov moving slowly towards Ekaterinburg. Feodor and Paul recognized each other, but only gave the courteous salutation which is common even between strangers in Russia.

A few brief moments elapsed and then Vladimir was located snugly among the furs of Oserov's sledge—free from the mine but still encompassed by danger.

Paul drove his horses now at a good speed, following the courier's sledge which he was desirous to closely approach.

The morning light was full and the sunshine streamed over the snowy landscape, the glister of the reflecting crust making a radiance almost unbearable.

It was a joyous time for Vladimir when he could stretch restfully in the warm robes, and eat of the food which Paul had thoughtfully provided.

Several hours they traveled at a rapid rate, Oserov keeping close behind Feodor and the courier. No disaster was anticipated even if the courier should observe them. Nothing in their appearance gave cause for suspicion.

A little time after noon the courier and Feodor stopped at a rude hostelry; and very soon afterwards Oserov and Vladimir arrived. The appearance of these latter travelers caused no excitement; and Paul was not even recognized by the courier. The courier, being provided with a change of horses at this station, was soon ready to depart. But as Oserov and Vladimir obviously could not be so favored, Feodor made numerous excuses to prolong their stay. He desired to separate himself from his son no farther than necessary; and he knew that Oserov's horses would need a few hours of rest.

It was within two hours of dusk when Feodor and the courier at last departed, closely followed by Paul's sledge. Before they had traveled a *verst* the clear air brought to all of them the sound of baying dogs from the direction of the inn. Feodor, Vladimir and Oserov recognized the dread sound. They knew that messengers with that fiercest of dogs, the Siberian blood-hound, were upon Vladimir's track.

The courier failed to understand the significance of the sound; and when Feodor detected this fact, he persuaded the courier to recline under the cover of the sledge while once more he took the reins in his own hands.

Oserov now drove like mad and soon overtook the other sledge. Feodor stood up and looked back; Oserov's eyes followed the general's glance. Well might both be terrified by what they saw.

Over the crest of a little hill, coming towards the two sledges at a gallop, were two horsemen holding in leash four hounds which ran as rapidly in advance of their masters as the restraining thongs would permit.

It was a moment of horror; but the general's self-possession did not desert him. Without speaking he waved his hand to Oserov and Vladimir, indicating that they should keep the beaten track, and then he turned from the road and pursued a course at a right angle from that followed by Oserov.

This manœuvre was not observed by the courier, but the horsemen quickly detected it and increased their speed. But

when they reached the point at which the sledges had separated, they stopped in some confusion. Their hounds could not aid them here and they were left to their own judgment.

Concluding that the sledge which had left the road, and which was proceeding as fast as Feodor could urge the fresh animals, must of necessity contain the fugitive, they put spurs to their steeds and raced after it.

Feodor joyfully witnessed the fulfillment of his hope that the messengers would pursue him, while Oserov and Vladimir were gaining time and distance. He continued his rapid pace and had traveled two or three *versts* before he was overtaken.

When the horsemen with their hounds reached the courier's sledge, one of them called:

"Stop, in the name of the czar!"

Being thus summoned, Feodor drew up his foaming horses, while the courier scrambled out from his snug place among the furs.

The messenger continued:

"We are of the police; and we apprehend one of you as an escaped convict, lately laboring in the arsenic mines; and we take the other for having aided in the escape."

Feodor made no response; fortune seemed to have the project for Vladimir's freedom in her special care. But the courier bristled fiercely because of this detention. He said pompously:

"Do you not see my uniform? I am a courier of the czar and you stop me at your peril."

With this he would have left them, but they interposed; and one of them asked General Pojarsky:

"And who and what are you, my friend?"

"I am Nicolaus Hulinski. Lately I was a convict in the mines beyond Berezovsk; but our gracious emperor was pleased to pardon me and now I am on my way to St. Petersburg."

Feodor spoke purposely in a hesitating voice; and his manner fully confirmed the suspicions entertained by the police. So these functionaries ordered the general and courier to turn about and journey back towards Ekaterinburg.

The courier stormed and threatened, but without avail. He could get no other response from his captors than this:

"If you are what you say, you can easily prove your claim before the inspector at Ekaterinburg. We think you are the persons we are seeking and we are determined to take you back."

Despite all that the courier could say the police put this promise into execution, much to Feodor's delight. That night they stayed at the inn where they had taken dinner; and here the general overheard the police detailing to the landlord how the discovery had been made, late on the previous night, of Vladimir's escape; and how word had been at once sent to Ekaterinburg to have the police search with their blood-hounds for the fugitive.

It was the late afternoon of the next day when they once more reached the mansion of the governor of Ekaterinburg. That distinguished individual, hearing that the exile and his accomplice had been recaptured and brought to him for examination, declined to see them until the following morning and ordered them to be held for the night under guard.

But fortunately for the already-maddened courier, he was recognized by some of the soldiers and word was carried to the governor to the effect that some mistake in the matter had probably occurred. At last the governor deigned to appear, and one glance at Feodor and the courier told him the truth. He ordered their instant release and then sent for the intelligent officers who had made the boasted capture. Upon these

unfortunate fellows he discharged his wrath, calling them "blockheads," "imbeciles," and threatening them with all manner of punishment.

The governor sent for the inspector and in a little time new parties were out scouring the country.

Feodor and the courier could not leave the city until the following morning; and when they departed they carried with them the most profuse apologies for the mistake which had occurred. Their subsequent journey was rapid but uneventful, except that during the first three days from Ekaterinburg they encountered several bodies of police searching vainly in various directions for some trace of Vladimir. The general wished them failure with all his heart, but he dared not express this sentiment; and the ill-tempered courier declared that such useless creatures deserved no success.

In ten days they were at Nijni Novgorod; and here Feodor declared that his strength had utterly failed him and he could go no farther. His company had not been so agreeable that the courier disliked to lose it, so the general had little difficulty in showing that the instruction under which they both traveled contemplated Feodor being left to pursue the journey at his own convenience, in case the pace of the courier should prove too rapid for him. So the courier left, after committing to Feodor the funds which had been sent for his use.

As soon as the coast was clear, without waiting to make any awkward acquaintances in the city of fairs or to extend any familiarity with the soldiers of the fort, Feodor departed from Simborsk in a sledge which he had purchased for the journey.

Four days sufficed to carry him the distance of nearly 300 *versts* to the curious town and its even more remarkable rivers. He established himself at an inn, giving out that he was a railway inspector on his way to Samara, but waiting to be joined by a party of engineers; and then he began to take long walks about the place in search of his friends.

Despite his anxiety he could not fail to note the phenomenon presented by the rivers Volga and Soiyaga, one on either side of the town. These two streams flow side by side for a distance of 250 miles *but in opposite directions*; and at Simborsk the level of the Soiyaga is 140 feet higher than that of the Volga, while the town overlooks both. The general was sauntering along a lonely part of the Volga bank on the third day after his arrival when he saw at a distance his beloved son and the faithful Oserov. They, too, saw Feodor and rushed to meet him.

Words cannot tell the joy of these three friends at the moment when Vladimir was clasped in his father's arms.

They briefly related their experiences since the hour of parting, Oserov telling Feodor of the score of narrow escapes which they had succeeded in making.

As Vladimir and Oserov were still in danger it was decided that the general should claim them as the engineers for whom he had been waiting and that they should all depart at once for Samara, a railway town lower down the Volga, from which point they could easily reach St. Petersburg or even some foreign land.

Their plan was executed and they reached Samara in safety.

(To be Continued.)

SARAH BRIGGS (reading the police report)—Sakes alive! I would no more name a child Alias than nothin' in the world! Here's "Alias Thompson, Alias Williams, Alias the Night-Hawk," all been took up for stealin'!

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 288.)

ON the 11th, we passed a little grave which had been opened by wild beasts; the coffin was broken and the feathers out of the pillow or bed were scattered all around. On one side lay the skull of a child. I was moved with pity at the sight. Near the place was another grave and on the head-board the name: "Ann West, aged 62 years."

We passed Brother Henry Hoyt's grave. He was buried so shallow that the air got to his remains. He was in the rear company at the time he died and the pioneers, who were two days in advance, had all the tools for digging, so the men had nothing but a hatchet or two with which to dig his grave. He was buried high up on the side of a mountain, under a low, spreading oak. He was a good man and, I might say, died a martyr.

On the 14th, about 1 p.m., we arrived at our old camp-ground near Sutter's Fort. After eating dinner three of our men went to see Captain Sutter. When they returned that evening they reported having seen the captain and had a talk with him and that he was willing to hire the whole of our number either by the month or by the job. He would pay one-half in cash the other in trade; and that he was wanting to build a mill and wanted mill timbers got out and a race dug three miles long. He promised to pay twenty-five dollars per month for working on the race, or twelve and one-half cents per yard.

The next morning we made a bargain with Sutter, he agreeing this time to pay all money. He was to furnish us provisions, but we were to do our own cooking. Our animals could run with his band of horses free of charge and they would be driven up by his *vaquero* (horse-herder) every night and corralled. This we took as being very kind in the captain. In the afternoon we moved on to the ground where the work was to be performed and found a very good adobe house to occupy.

Sutter furnished all the tools and teams to be used on the ditch, and on Friday morning, the 17th of September, all hands except our cooks were on the race with ox teams, plows, scrapers, spades, shovels and picks. We earned one dollar and fifty cents per day all around to the man. Our hands were tender and soon became very sore. Some of our men were taken sick with chills and sunury.

While at dinner on the 27th, a man entered our quarters dressed in buckskin, and said Captain Sutter wanted four men from our company to go up into the mountains about thirty miles to help build a saw-mill on the south fork of the American River. He said that he and Sutter were partners in building the mill and that he had been up there with a few hands and had done a little work, but some of them were expecting to leave soon, hence they wanted more help. This man was James Wilson Marshall. In the afternoon Israel Evans, Azariah Smith, William Johnston and myself started with Mr. Marshall, accompanied by Charles Bennett, late from Oregon. Marshall took an ox team and wagon loaded with provisions, and a few tools. We arrived at the mill site in the evening of the 29th, where we found several of the battalion boys who, by the advice of Levi W. Hancock, had stopped at Sutter's at the time we passed there in August.

To me the surrounding country looked wild and lonesome.

We were surrounded by high mountains, more or less covered with a heavy growth of pine, balsam, redwood, pinion pine and oak timber. The place was infested with wolves, grizzly bears and Indians. Before our arrival at the mill site, Marshall and the brethren had built a nice double log cabin about one-fourth of a mile from the mill. In one part of the house lived a family. The man's name was Peter L. Wemer, whose wife was to be cook for the mill hands.

On the night of the 3rd of October all hands were aroused from slumber by the cry from our tame Indians: "*Marlohinty! Marlohinty!*" meaning there were bad Indians around; but we could see none and soon retired. The next evening we were awakened again by the same cry from our Indians. This time some of our men said they saw one. We could hear them walking, but they kept themselves in the dark and behind trees. We called to them but they would not speak. Up to this time we had not thought of much danger. There were ten white men and only four guns, as the most of the boys had left their muskets below. We forthwith chose guards and kept watch for some time, but were never disturbed afterwards, the enemy finding out, perhaps, that we had something else to defend ourselves with besides bows and arrows.

Nothing of note took place from this time on until the following 24th of January. We continued to work on the saw-mill. Sometimes it happened that Sutter neglected to send up provisions to the mill, when we would be on short rations. At such times Marshall detailed me to be hunter, as the black-tailed deer was quite plentiful. He owned a good rifle and this I used, taking with me one of the tame Indians to help carry in the venison. This suited me full as well as using an ax or shovel about the mill, for I was paid just as much.

In the afternoon of the 24th of January, 1848, gold was found in California, and it may not be out of place to give a somewhat detailed account of how it was discovered.

The names of the men who were at work at the saw mill at the time of the discovery were Alexander Stevens, James S. Brown, James Barger, William Johnston, Azariah Smith and myself, of the battalion, James W. Marshall, the superintendent, Peter L. Wemer, Charles Bennett and William Scott, who were not members of the battalion nor members of the Church. By New Year's day we had the dam in and the tail race nearly completed. Mr. Wemer had charge of some tame Indians and was at work in the ditch. Marshall had been in the habit of going down every afternoon to see how they were progressing, for they had struck bed-rock, though it was mostly of rotten granite. Yet the work on the ditch was slow; but this time when he went down to the lower end of the race his eye caught the glitter of something that lay in a crevice on the base or bed-rock a few inches under water. He sent a young Indian to Brown, who was at work in the mill yard whipsawing, to send him a plate. Brown was the top sawyer. He jumped down from the saw-pit, remarking:

"I wonder what Marshall wants with a tin plate!"

He walked to our shanty and gave the Indian a plate. Just before we ceased work for the day Marshall came up from the tail race and said he believed he had found a gold mine. Some one merely remarked:

"I reckon there is no such good luck."

Nothing more was said then, but just before going to bed Marshall came in and said he believed he had found a gold mine near the lower end of the race; and it strikes me strongly that he said he had been trying to melt some of the particles but could not. Before leaving us he said:

"Brown, I want you and Bigler, in the morning, to shut down the head-gate, throw in some saw-dust, rotten leaves and dirt, make it all tight and to-morrow I'll see what there is there."

*(To be Continued.)*

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

TWO days after the Prophet Joseph Smith received the revelation concerning the civil war that should commence at the rebellion of South Carolina, he received another revelation in which the Lord said:

"And after your [the Elders'] testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people:

"For after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground, and shall not be able to stand.

"And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea, heaving themselves beyond their bounds.

"And all things shall be in commotion; and surely men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people."

This prophecy has been most accurately fulfilled within a few days. The earthquakes at Charleston, South Carolina, have destroyed a great portion of that city, and inflicted severe loss upon the surrounding country, and have destroyed many lives. The descriptions of the earthquake state that people were not able to stand, and they fell to the ground, just as the revelation said they would. This is the most severe earthquake that has visited the United States since the colonies were first settled. Scientists say that its shocks were felt over a larger area than ever before known.

It is scarcely probable that the quakes of the earth will have much effect upon the people who were disturbed by them in leading them to receive the message which God sent to this nation through His Prophet Joseph Smith.

To a person who has not had experience it doubtless seems strange that God's judgments, predicted by the prophets, should not have had the effect in former days to make people receive the messages He sent to them. The Savior plainly foretold the destruction of Jerusalem and that the holy temple of the Jews should be leveled to the ground. His words were literally fulfilled; but they made no impression upon the generation who witnessed these direful events. There have been but few generations who have believed the prophets to be inspired of God who uttered the predictions which they saw fulfilled.

This generation has had repeated evidences furnished it that Joseph Smith was a Prophet, divinely inspired; but instead of being accepted as a prophet, the very mention of his name in most places excites ridicule and anger.

He predicted events of startling significance and of national importance.

Concerning the Church, of which in the hands of God he was the founder, he foretold with great precision the obstacles it would have to meet and overcome until it should achieve its glorious triumph.

At a time when religious freedom was the great boast of this republic, he foretold that the Church should be persecuted

by townships, counties, states and by the nation at large at every stage of its growth, and that, finally, before gaining universal dominion, it should be warred against by the whole world.

The gathering of the people from distant nations, and their being united in one body under the name of Zion, he predicted before the Church had scarcely been organized. This is one of the most stupendous events of modern times, and has no parallel that I know of in the history of our race.

The revelation which he received concerning the civil war, in which was pointed out the exact State where the rebellion should occur, was of itself, even if he had never uttered another prediction, sufficient proof that he was a Prophet of God.

If had the nation listened to his wise words and the statesmanlike counsel which he gave, what misery, bloodshed and treasure might have been saved! Under his pilotage, had it been accepted, the ship of State would have been safely steered through the shoals and breakers which threatened it, into a safe harbor of rest. He knew that under the policy which prevailed this nation would be involved in civil war and that slavery and states'-rights would be the cause. He urged the purchase and liberation of the slaves. His plan was just, simple and feasible, but it was not received.

Who believes that Joseph Smith was a Prophet?

The Latter-day Saints; and how small are their numbers as compared with this nation!

The people of this nation have the same evidences before them of the prophetic character of his utterances upon these points as the Latter-day Saints have, with this difference, that the Saints have, in addition, the testimony of the Holy Ghost, which confirms them in their faith. But the nation has seen many of his predictions, which were national in their character, fulfilled.

Are the people convinced by those that have been fulfilled?

Will they be convinced by those yet to be fulfilled?

Judging the future by the past there is little ground to hope that they will be.

These earthquakes will give the Elders an opportunity to call the attention of the people to the testimony which God is bearing, through the elements, to the divinity of the message which He has sent to them.

Who that reflects upon this subject can fail to perceive that great changes have occurred within comparatively recent years?

After the testimony of the Elders the voice of tempests was to be heard in testimony from the Almighty to the inhabitants of this land.

In fulfillment of this we have the terrible cyclones, which, within a few years, have been felt with destructive fury over a wide area of the United States.

These are a new feature of elemental disturbances never known or heard of until recently; but who looks upon them as one of the judgments from the Lord?

Scientists investigate them and endeavor to ascertain the laws which govern them and to explain the phenomena connected with them.

So with these earthquakes, they are endeavoring to trace them to what are called natural causes; and because this can be done, God's providence in the matter is ignored, as though He did His work outside and in violation of the laws which He has given to nature!

In this way the force of His judgments is lost upon the people. They explain them as having their origin in purely

natural causes; and thus, instead of being warned and profited by these visitations, the hardness of their hearts is increased; they refuse to hear both the testimony of God's servants and the testimony of His judgments, and are preparing themselves for the overwhelming calamities which will fall upon them.

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### PROPER SUBJECTS FOR SYMPATHY.

BY A PRISONER FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

A GREAT deal of sympathy is lavished by the Saints generally upon the brethren who are enduring imprisonment in the Utah Penitentiary and other prisons for obedience to a divine requirement in the matter of marrying, acknowledging, and rearing children by a plurality of wives; or, more properly speaking, for refusing to promise to repudiate their wives and be untrue to their covenants.

Next to the consciousness that the course they have chosen is right and approved by the Almighty, nothing perhaps is more consoling to those brethren so imprisoned than the knowledge that they possess the friendship and sympathy of their brethren and sisters. There is little doubt, however, but that they would feel quite as well or even better if a large share of the sympathy bestowed upon them were otherwise directed. Their chief care is not for themselves, but for those who have in the past been dependent upon them for support, protection, advice, encouragement and instruction.

They are themselves mostly strong men, capable of enduring very well the hardships and privations of prison life, especially if their minds be at ease in regard to their loved ones at home. But their wives in many instances are unused to the responsibility of caring for their families or bearing the burden of their husbands' business affairs as they are now required to, in addition to their usual household duties; and the children at home have perhaps never before known what it was to lack the guiding hand and wise counsel of their fathers. In such cases the questions are very apt to arise in the minds of the fathers: "Who will assist our wives in this emergency to bear the burden of care and trouble weighing them down? Who will take a fatherly interest in our boys now? Who will kindly but firmly restrain them should they be disposed to be wayward, and take them confidentially by the arm and inspire them with noble motives and strength of purpose in their hours of weakness? Who will protect our artless, unsuspecting daughters from the influence of those who would delight in their ruin, and whose very presence is contaminating?"

If satisfactory answers came to these mental questions, and those in whose minds they arise also have the assurance that their families are well, and that their temporal wants are provided for, their bonds become tolerable.

If, however, they have reason to fear their families are in want, suffering from illness, or, still worse, forming bad associations, yielding to corrupting influences and falling into practices which are liable to lead to misery or destruction, then indeed is their imprisonment severe, whether they might, if at home, be able to avert these evils or not.

If their solicitous and sympathizing friends would know what to do to afford their imprisoned brethren the utmost possible gratification let them bestow some care and attention upon the wives and children who are for the present deprived of their natural protectors.

It may not be necessary to render them financial assistance, as they may be well provided for in that respect, but the wives overburdened with cares to which they are unaccustomed or with sorrow at being so cruelly deprived of the society of their partners in life require such counsel, encouragement, and consolation as wise and kind friends are capable of affording, and which they should not be backward about imparting.

The children, deprived of a father's attention and society, may not lack food, clothing, shelter or the means of acquiring an education, but these do not comprise the whole of childish wants. Relieved of the paternal guiding rein, and unrestrained by their loving but perhaps over-indulgent mothers, they may be in danger of going in the way of temptation before they are sufficiently fortified by wisdom or experience to resist the same. They may be yielding to the insidious influence of evil companions and adopting pernicious habits, but not so far gone but that a friendly word of advice or an appeal to their reason, honor or love for their absent parent, from a friend, might turn them from their ruinous course. Their spiritual natures may require cultivating, their morals may need strengthening, or they may want such advice as experience would suggest in the labors devolving upon them, and friends to afford the necessary help should not be lacking.

The friend who will seek for these and other means of doing good in such an emergency and avail himself of them without ostentation will not only have the satisfaction that comes from performing an act of charity without looking for reward, but will secure the unbonnded gratitude of their imprisoned brethren and the blessing of the Almighty.

And all that has been said about the families of those who are imprisoned for conscience sake will apply with equal propriety to the families of those who, to avoid the cruel and vindictive prosecutions aimed at them because of their devotion to the gospel or the influence they wield in the Church, have been forced into exile and become wanderers on the earth. Indeed, in many instances the families of such persons are in greater need of friendly and sympathetic attention than are those of their brethren who are imprisoned. Many of the latter have opportunities of receiving occasional brief visits from members of their families and of communicating with them by letter, and can thus learn of the condition of their loved ones and offer such advice as may be necessary—privilecs which are denied to many of those who are exiles from home because of the cruel and fanatical crusade which is now being waged against the Saints.

Though it may not seem so to the casual observer, women and children are the chief sufferers thus far from the onslaught which is being made upon the Saints in the name of law, and are therefore most deserving of sympathy and that comfort and assistance which true sympathy will suggest. Let the readers of the INSTRUCTOR allow their sympathy to extend to those who have been here pointed out as the proper subjects of it, and in the manner indicated and in addition to benefiting others they themselves will be benefited, for true charity

"Is twice blessed,  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

While it is true that the wives and children of the men against whom the present crusade is aimed are the chief sufferers by it, the severe experience through which they are passing will doubtless, in the providence of the Almighty, be overruled for their good if they are faithful. It is already causing many of them to be more thoughtful and earnest in regard to their religion, to seek the Lord as they never did before, and to be self-reliant and brave, being now required to

do for themselves what they have heretofore depended upon others doing for them.

One brief extract from a letter recently received by one of the brethren in prison from a son just merging into manhood, and who, though a well-disposed boy, has never bestowed much attention upon religion in the past, will serve to show the effect the present crusade is having upon him. Here it is:

"I consider it a great honor to have a father who is true to the principles he has embraced, and to his wives and children, and it is my most earnest desire to live the same as you and all the rest of our good brethren who are cast into prison for the gospel's sake, so that I may gain an exaltation in the presence of our Heavenly Father."

Thus will good come out of evil, and the wrath of man be made to praise God.

## KARL AND INA.

BY HOMESPUN.

KARL and Ina live away off by the seashore, in a pretty little place all covered with soft green grass; a place where the sky is dark blue and penciled with fleecy, floating clouds, with grassy meadows and dark wooded hills, and where the fresh salt breeze plays around them all the time, sometimes kissing their cheeks with gentle touch, and again romping with them so roughly that they are almost knocked over by their wild, whistling playfellow, the wind.

My two pets make a pretty picture—Karl with his sturdy form, fine, large head and sweet, winning face, with his sharp, blue eyes and light hair. Then Ina, with her soft, delicate ways, long, dark curls, pretty face lit up by a pair of the loveliest, blackest and most expressive eyes I ever beheld; in truth they make a fitting match. Ina is six months younger than Karl, and he is only just turned three years old.

And now, with this brief introduction, we will follow them up and see what they are doing.

In the sweet, early morning, Ina comes running over to say good-morning to her playmate, and then there's such an outcry from Karl.

"Here's Ina, Ina, Ina! Come on, little Ina!" and away he trots to take her willing hand in his and lead her to his home.

You see, there's the two little brown pullets, which belong to Karl and Ina, but which pullets are so nearly alike that neither can decide as to which is their very own. They have to be looked after and fed. And Ina's dark gray kitty has to be fondled and stroked.

And there are some new pictures to look at.

After a bit, the two saunter over to Ina's mamma, and then such plays! All the playthings are finally discarded, however, in favor of an exceedingly ugly rag dolly, which the tots agree to play is their own baby.

There is much ceremony about the undressing of this doll, and Ina finally concludes to go to bed.

"You take the baby, papa," says Mamma Ina, "and I'll get into bed."

Papa Karl handles the rag baby with all the gentleness he can muster, and the two keep up a constant chatter about the baby, simply calling each other papa and mamma.

Karl is very fond of dried meat, which he calls "fried meat."

One day Karl approached Ina's papa with the sublime assurance of childhood and asked for "fried meat." Ina's papa had been wanting to get some medicine down the little reluctant throats of the children.

Another little playmate named Herma was there that day, so Ina's papa said he would give them some dried meat if they would take some medicine first. They all agreed.

Karl was the first to get the dose. He opened his mouth and in went the golden seal. He gave one expressive look and then clapped his hand over his mouth, and without a word slipped quietly into the entry, evidently wishing the rest to get their share, as misery always loves company.

Ina was used to it and took hers quietly, too.

Herma, unconscious of evil, opened her mouth, too. But, oh! her grit was all gone with the bitter stuff, and away she fled home, piercing the air with her cries.

Ina and Karl sometimes get a banana; but not as often as they would like. For there exists a sort of an apathy among their elders, which it would doubtless be too cruel to call shiftlessness. However, the bananas are appreciated when they do come. Perhaps you will think, when you hear of the delicious oranges, limes and bananas which grow where Ina and Karl live, you will fall to envying them and wishing you were where they are. But you need not; for they never have a taste of the luscious peaches, strawberries, raspberries, plums, apricots, grapes and above all the ever-welcome apple. Indeed, they seldom have a taste of any vegetable but the sweet potato, which gets very poor after you are tired of it. So eat your good Utah fruits and vegetables and rejoice.

Ina and Karl run into the sunlight and romp in the shade. Sometimes they go down to the sea and paddle in the sparkling, restless wavelets that drink up the golden sands. The little feet are undressed and then what fun it is to chase the breakers as they go out and be chased by them as they rush in. The little holes of the funny sand spiders are investigated, and holes dug out in the sand for the sea to fill up with its flying spray.

And if undressed, what delight to be carried in papa's arms out into the cool water and dipped safely down as they cling closely around papa's neck. But the shore, with its framework of moss, seaweed and shells is the greatest attraction, and it is difficult sometimes to get the children away. This would not be a truthful introduction to my favorites if I did not give the sad information that Ina and Karl sometimes quarrel. But I rejoice to add that they soon get over it and kiss and make up in the orthodox fashion of their oldest progenitors.

Ina loves best to play near Karl's sunny home, close by the chickens and children. Sometimes darkness overtakes the little playfellows, and then Karl's manly gallantry is brought out.

The first time we noticed this was some time ago. One evening, just as we were getting the children in bed, as it was after dark, papa calls out:

"Where's Karlie?"

No one knows. But his elder sister, Lucy, remembers seeing him go out the door with Ina.

Papa hurries out and by running gets behind them before they reach Ina's house. Mamma can see the little ones as they pass a lighted doorway, hand-in-hand.

Papa soon brings the little gentleman back and says he followed them, Karlie holding Ina's hand protectively in his. Ina being led along slightly behind him, and on reaching Ina's house they go through the big room and Karlie knocks, then leads Ina in and straight up to her mamma's knee, then only releasing her hand.

That night, as Ina's Mamma was undressing her pet, she commenced kissing and caressing her as fond mothers always will do. "Who is just as sweet as she can be?" she asks her dark eyed Ina.

The sleepy eyes unclose and Ina unexpectedly replies: "Karlie.

## BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN HOME.

WORDS BY GEO. MANWARING.

MUSIC BY A. C. SMYTH.

Beautiful mountain home, mountain home, Beautiful mountain home, mountain home, The beacon star For  
 Beautiful mountain home. . . . . Beautiful mountain home. . . . . The beacon star For

Saints a - far, for Saints, for Saints a - far, From ev - ry land they come, they come To dwell in the  
 Saints a - far, for Saints, for Saints a - far, From ev - ry land they come, they come To dwell in the

vales Where virtue prevails, In our beautiful mountain home. . . . . In our beautiful mountain home.  
 vales Where virtue prevails, In our beautiful mountain home, mountain home, In our beautiful mountain home.

Beautiful mountain home,  
 Where love is found  
 And joys abound,  
 What Saint from thee would roam!  
 The world may despise,  
 But dearly we prize  
 Our beautiful mountain home,

Beautiful mountain home,  
 The seers of old  
 Thy growth foretold,

And soon thy light shall come;  
 Here dwelling in peace  
 God's people increase  
 In our beautiful mountain home  
 Beautiful mountain home,  
 Where God is feared,  
 And temples reared  
 To which the Lord will come;  
 And soon to the earth  
 The law shall go forth  
 From our beautiful mountain home.

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